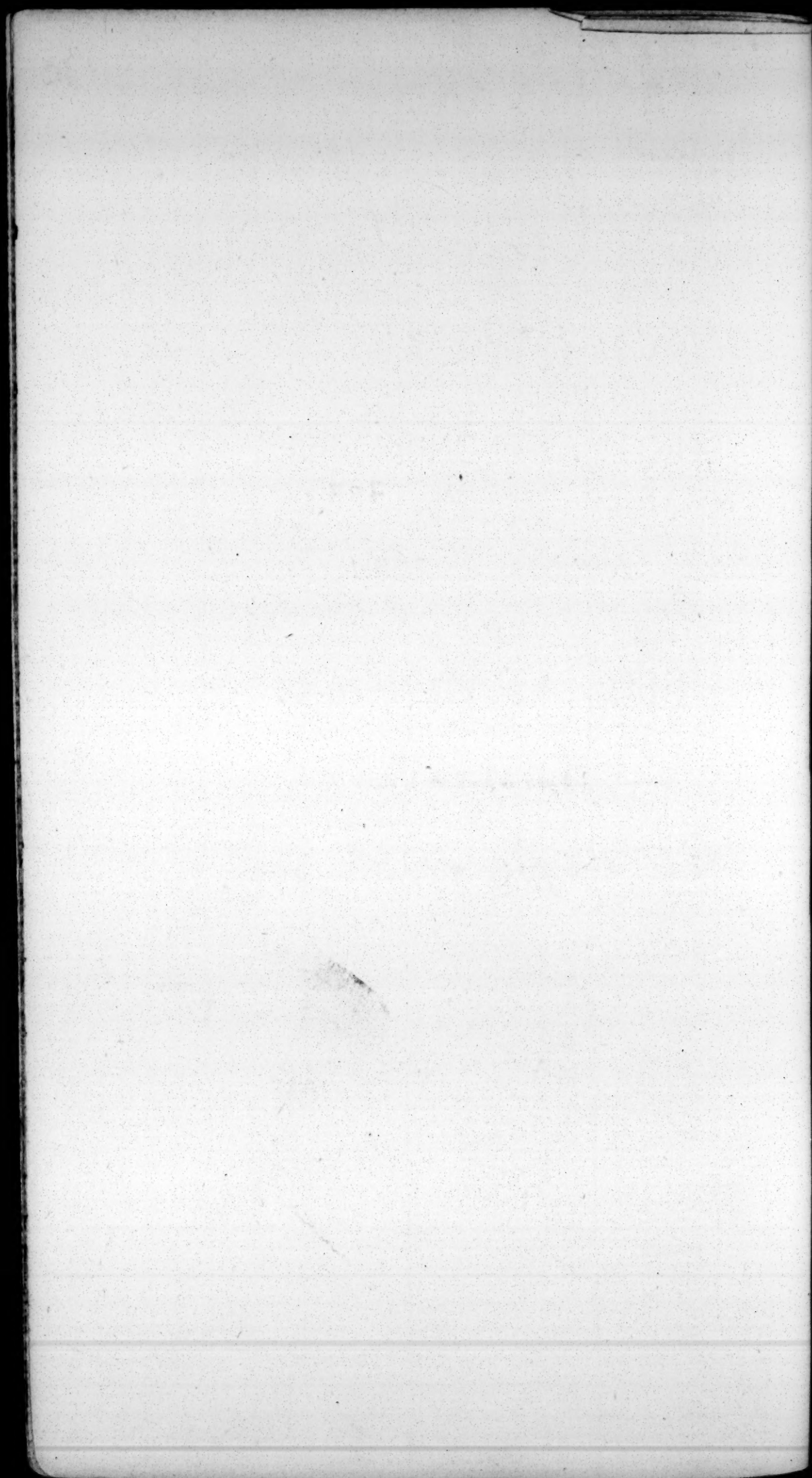


SONGS AND CHORUSSES
IN
THE COMIC OPERA
OF
THE ARMORER.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]



W. J. Tappell.

SONGS AND CHORUSSES

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only printed

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

THE ARMORER.

Written by M^r Cumberland.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT-GARDEN.

First Performed Thursday April the

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

1793.



SONGS, CHORUSSES,

&c. &c. &c.

A C T I.

AIR. MARGERY, *Armorer's Wife. M^{rs} Harlowe*

HARK, hark, how the hammers keep time !
One, two, three ; one, two, three, how they
chime !

While the sparks fly about here and there,
And the anvil rings,
As the merry dame fings,
Shoe the mare, shoe the mare, shoe the mare !

Strike, strike, while the iron is hot,
A good rule that shou'd ne'er be forgot ;
Blow the forge, wield the sledge strong and stout ;
When the sun hides his head,
And the village goes to bed,
Drink about, drink about, drink about !

B

Click,

Click, click, goes the can as it flies,
 Wheel it round, father Dominic cries,
 By the mass, 'tis a sin to be drunk ;
 If you want a jolly guest,
 Recommend me to the priest,
 Merry monk, merry monk, merry monk !

Johnstone. — AIR. HARRY FURNACE, *the Armorer.*

Alas, the days that I have known,
 When good King Edward fill'd the throne ;
 Oh ! what a king was He !
 Twelve hundred knights on Cressy's plain,
 Kings, princes, dukes, and earls were slain !
 Oh ! what a fight to see !

Prince Edward was the goodliest knight,
 At Poitiers he led on the fight,
 And took the French king John :
 King John was fine as fine cou'd be,
 But English Edward nought had He
 But my black armor on.

He gave King John a royal treat,
 And while the captive kept his seat,
 The conqueror bent the knee.
 O England, England, mayst thou reign
 Triumphant o'er the wat'ry main ;
 So ends my prayer for thee.

AIR. ROSAMOND. — *M^{rs} Clendinning*

You bade me guard my youthful heart,
And warn'd me of the snare,
But Love had fix'd the fatal dart,
In spite of all your care.

You said I was too young for love,
And if you told me true,
Where is the wonder, shou'd I prove
Too young for caution too?

AIR. SIMON SAPLING. — *M^{rs} Blanchard*

My daddy dwells in Rumford town,
A wealthy yeoman he,
And all that wealth will be my own,
He hath but only me.

Six yoke of oxen, ten milch kine,
All fat and fair to see,
With pigs and poultry, shall be thine,
If thou'lt love only me.

Come then, sweet lass, to Rumford farm,
And wedded let us be;
You'll find a bed both snug and warm,
And in it only me.

QUARTETTO.

MARGERY, ROSAMOND, DOMINIC, and ARMORER.

*M^{rs} Harlowe - M^{rs} Clending - M^{rs} Munden - Johnstone**Ros.* Ah woeful day !*Marg.* Ah day of woe !*Ros.* Oh bloody stroke !*Marg.* Oh ! fatal blow !*Dominic.* Hush, hush ! say no more,
The deed it is o'er.

The man is as dead as nail in door.

Ros. & Marg. Drench'd in blood behold he lies,
Struggles, stretches, gasps, and dies !*Dominic.* Hush, hush ! say no more,
The deed it is o'er,
Better men than him have died before ;
Remember this your tune is—
Mors omnibus communis.

AIR. ARMORER.

Shall a varlet thus under my nose
Dare to rifle my innocent Rose ?
If I've hammer'd out his brains,
Let him take it for his pains,
As he came like a fool so he goes.

I have fought for my country and King,
For the Fair I will do the same thing :
If the Sultan on his throne
Should attempt my pretty one,
With my fledge I had made his scull ring.

For the threats of the law what care I ?
Like a man I have liv'd and will die :
While my conscience it is clear,
I have nothing else to fear,
Death and danger alike I defy.

AIR. ROSAMOND.

My heart, that with affection glows
For parents kind and dear,
Fondly partakes of all your woes,
And gives you tear for tear.

If by hard Fate's severe decree
My father's doom'd to fall,
Sad widow, I will die with thee,
One grave shall hide us all.

AIR.

AIR. CAROL.

In a secret recess of the vale,
 I have made a retreat for my love,
 Where no sounds of alarm shall assail
 The soft silence that reigns in the grove.

For I never practis'd the art
 To ensnare the soft bosom of youth;
 Death shall first stop the pulse of my heart,
 Ere time can extinguish my truth.

Mr. Quick — AIR. DIGGORY, *the Tailor*.

My Kate is trim and gay,
 And witty as you say,
 But she tunes it both early and late;
 When she has me by the ears,
 Neither thimble, thread, nor sheers,
 Can keep pace with the clack of my Kate.

Her pretty lips are hung
 With the devil of a tongue,
 And it goes at the curse of a rate;
 When once the knot is tied,
 'Tis too late to turn aside,
 I must stick to my curse and my Kate.

AIR. ARMORER.

I have march'd in my day over thousands of slain,
 With the gallant Black Prince from the field ;
 I will combat the monarchs of France and of Spain,
 But to Richard of England I yield.

From the faucy attack of an impudent slave
 My sweet Rose with my life I will shield ;
 In the cause of the Fair I will cudgel a knave,
 But to Richard of England I yield.

I will go to my dungeon, and bow to the laws,
 Till the truth in full light is reveal'd,
 Unappall'd at the bar I will stand for my cause,
 But to Richard of England I yield.

DUET. CAROL *and* ROSAMOND. *M^{rs} Incedon*

M^{rs} Clendinning

ROSAMOND.

When stormy clouds obscure the wint'ry skies
 To her beloved mate the turtle flies ;
 He, with fond care and hovering wings outspread,
 Forms a soft shelter for his darling's head.

CAROL

CAROL.

So the poor frightened maid in rude alarms
Seeks the soft shelter of her lover's arms ;
Come then, thou little trembler, to thy nest ;
Fly to my faithful arms and be at rest.

CAROL *and* ROSAMOND.

Come then, thou little trembler, &c.
I come a fearful trembler to my nest,
Fly to thy faithful arms, and am at rest.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

AIR. CAROL.

LO! what awful form descending
From the azure fields of light,
Victory at his side attending
Bids me arm and join the fight.

Here Devotion, peace inspiring,
Warns me to a silent grave,
Glory there, my bosom firing,
Bids me perish with the brave.

AIR. ROSAMOND.

The sailor thus his vessel hardly steers,
Amid the billows tossing here and there,
But now at length, when no kind star appears,
And night rolls on, and all is black despair,
No hope now left to reach his native coast,
No hand to save him—founders and is lost.

C

AIR.

AIR. MARGERY.

Ah ! how happy were my days,
When beside the forge's blaze,
I cou'd sit at my needle and fmg ;
As the morning lark arose
I call'd up my lovely Rose,
Fresh and fair as the bud of the spring.

To the village or the mill,
By the willow-fringed rill,
We went forth to provide for the day ;
Together as we walk'd,
How my pretty prattler talk'd,
Every month was as jocund as May.

Now a lady fine and great,
Deck'd in filken robes of state,
To the court my sweet darling must go ;
I shall see my Rose no more,
All my happy days are o'er,
What remains must be wailing and woe.

AIR. ROSAMOND.

Fluttering heart, ah ! tell me why
Love provokes this causeless sigh ;
Foolish thing, your fears give o'er,
Can you dread whom I adore ?

Every eve the conscious grove
Echo'd forth your vows of love,
When to Carol's bosom prest,
Trembler, say, was you not blest?

Mingling wishes now with fears,
Sprinkling smiles of joy with tears,
Pain'd with bliss, with torment pleas'd.
Wed, fond heart, and be appeas'd.

SINGLE VOICE.

Lift, neighbors, lift! awake, arise:
Lift, lift, old Tom of Rumford cries,
Lift to the bell, whose brazen throat
Swinging flow,
Loud and low,
Echoes a dismal dying note.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark! 'tis the toll of the bell—
Rejoice, merry men, and be glad,
If the toll of the bell
Is a merry man's knell,
'Twere folly for us to be sad.

He that goes to the grave has no care,
We that live have the worst of the lay,
Why shou'd we grieve for one,
Who now sorrows for none ?
So let us drive our sorrows away.

Ring round the gay peal, ring it round,
Let the chimes spread our chorus about ;
And whilst they ring round,
We will dance to the sound,
And second the peal with a shout—
Huzza !
And second, &c.

FULL CHORUS.

We applaud, we applaud ! Let our voices arise,
And sound out our triumphs, and shout to the skies !
Great town-clerk of Rumford, our glory and fame,
We join in full chorus to echo your name ;
When you call us to silence, attention's the word,
And the town-bell is dumb, while the town-clerk is
heard.

AIR.

AIR. ARMORER,

A foldier once 'mid piles of slain,
 On Cressy's blood-besprinkled plain,
 I join'd the battle's roar;
 Retiring thence to peaceful cell,
 For war unfit, I thought to dwell,
 And muse on days of yore.

Till rous'd in beauty's cause to strife,
 For innocence I stak'd my life,
 And split the varlet's brain;
 Once more I brave the storms of Fate,
 And mourn, alas! but all too late,
 That peace is lost again.

AIR. KATE, *the Tailor's Wife.*

You're a fine one, are you not?
 Thus to run a-gadding?
 Get you gone, you silly sot;
 Who set you a-madding?

If

If a man to prison goes,
How can you defend him ?
Why shou'd you thrust in your nose ?
Can such botchers mend him ?

He that fights for fighting's sake,
Is an arrant fury :
As he brews, so let him bake,
Leave him to his jury.

Fighting is the soldier's forte,
Drunkards will be brawling :
Hush you baby :—that's your fort :
Hark ! your kitten's squalling !

AIR. DIGGORY.

I scorn the botcher's paltry trash,
Snipping here, snipping there,
Now a slit and then a flash,
Scraps of buckram, shreds of twist,
Tags of bobbing, rags of list,
Cabbage is below my care.

I'm for my friend,
Till the world's at an end,
For the glory of tailors I'll be ;
Crofs-leg'd upon my board,
I'll fit like any Lord,
And all tailors shall truckle to me.

AIR. KATE.

How featly we danc'd in the gay golden days
Of King Edward's all-conquering reign !
We pip'd and we chanted our roundelays,
And we'll chant them again and again.

I will go to the market, the wake and the fair,
And foot to the pipe and the drum,
You may ramble abroad in pursuit of dull care,
But I will be merry at home.

I have stuck to the tackle while you ran away ;
Now, simpleton, cast up your gains !
It is your turn to work and my turn to play,
Go, handle the goose for your pains.

Round England's white cliffs tho' the stormy waves
roar,

She shall fit like the Queen of the Sea :
So we have but the calm of contentment on shore,
Merry still little England shall be.

FULL CHORUS.

Come, come, say no more ; give the word and begone :
March, march, face about ! There's no more to be
done.

Lo ! the town-clerk is wroth : Who shall dare to
reply ?

Huzza, merry men ! 'Tis the signal to fly.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

AIR. KATE.

THEN snatch the gay season of joy,
Take Time by the lock as he flies,
For Time will our pleasure destroy,
And quench the bright beam of the eyes.

The fool on to-morrow depends
For transports that court him to-day,
The moment that fortune befriends
Enjoy ! for 'tis lost by delay.

M^r Munden - AIR. DOMINIC.

The man, who lets cuckoldom sprout in his head,
Can find no repose either up or in bed,
Whatever he hears, and whatever he spies,
Horns, horns are still haunting his ears and his eyes.

D

When

When the hunters so gay fall forth in the morn,
 He starts at the found of the merry-ton'd horn ;
 He trembles, poor wretch, when the cuckoo appears,
 And the blast of the cow-boy is death to his ears.

I told you in time, when as yet ye were twain,
 That Kitty was wanton, coquettish, and vain ;
 But warn'd of your danger, you wou'd have a wife,
 Setting horns at defiance, and took her for life.

AIR. SIMON SAPLING.

Then, tailor, be gay
 With the money I pay
 To get rid of my terror and fear ;
 Three marks are well spent,
 If they purchase content,
 And three marks thou shalt have by the year.

No botcher but thee
 Shall thread needle for me,
 While I live, be it ever so long ;
 And tho' free of your house,
 I'll not ask of your spouse
 To regale me with aught but a song.

AIR. ARMORER.

O England, oh, my native isle,
Encircled by thy guardian sea,
May peace within thy borders smile ;
And build her halcyon nest with thee.

Mother of heroes, nurse of arts,
For thee I make my filial prayer—
May courage fill thy soldiers hearts,
And chastity adorn the fair.

Firm and united thou mayst stand
Against a world in arms alone,
Secure from every foreign hand,
Thou ne'er canst fall but by thine own.

CHORUS.

Let the castle courts resound,
While the joyful news goes round
That our Lord to his home will repair :
'Twill be merry in the hall,
When our beards are wagging all,
And the smoke curls aloft in the air.

AIR.

D 2

We

We will frolic, dance, and play,
When the spigot's thrown away,
And we push the old stingo about ;
We will sing the sun to rest,
And when morning streaks the east,
Call him up from his bed with a shout.

AIR. CAROL.

Proud lofty pile, can these aspiring towers
Improve the fragrance of my lovely Rose ?
Can art adorn, with all its various powers,
The blushing cheek, where modest nature glows ?

AIR. CAROL.

In spring's sweet prime the opening flower
Allures the roving bee ;
And is not Nature's vernal hour,
The hour for love and thee ?

For like the bee Love's archer leaves
His honey with the dart,
And she, who feels the wound, receives
A sweet, that heals the smart,

AIR.

AIR. ROSAMOND.

Here is my hand—Ah, cruel man, you'll break it;
Or touch it not, or gently, softly take it.

Ah, Carol, dear beloved name,

Where is your former temperate flame?

Lo, what glances escape from your eyes,

In your bosom what tumults arise?

Why should love a whirlwind be?

Love me no less, but love like me:

Smooth glides the galley o'er a placid sea.

FINALE.

Hymen, come and bid old Night,

Draw the curtains round us;

Sun, we do not want your light,

Leave us as you found us.

Hush, thou noisy bird of morn,

Hunters, know your duty,

Wind not forth your early horn,

Valor weds with beauty.

AIR.

Fairy

Fairy elves, with nimble tread,
Magic powers possessing,
Dance around the bridal bed,
Drop the fair a blessing.

Sylphs, that whisper airy dreams,
Round her temples hover,
Nymph, awake when morning beams,
Smile upon your lover.

Mercy bids resentment cease ;
Gloomy fears dispelling,
Mirth and harmony and peace
Here shall fix their dwelling.

Happy nation, such your bliss,
May no feuds destroy it !
And your only strife be this,
Who shall best enjoy it,

END OF THE OPERA.



